



CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH
NINILCHIK

SUNDAY YOUNG PEOPLE'S READING

The HOLY WAR

Made by Shaddai Upon Diabulous for the
Regaining of the Metropolis of the World

or

The Losing and Taking Again of the
Town of Mansoul

by John Bunyan

Retold in Modern English
by Jon Cardwell

September 24, 2023

(Episode 83)

"I have given symbols..." Hosea 12:10

[The Mansoulian army put to death many Doubters and took captive many Bloodmen. Some of the Bloodmen sought mercy and were spared. Unrepentant Bloodmen were bound until they were to appear at general court before the King. Nevertheless, there were still Diabolonian Doubters who wandered the country.] Now, to whose house should these Diabolonian Doubters go, but to the house of an old Diabolonian in Mansoul, whose name was Evil-Questioning. He was a very great enemy to Mansoul and a great doer among the Diabolonians there. Well, as was said, these Diabolonians came to this Evil-Questioning's house— you may be sure that they had directions how to find the way there; so he welcomed them, pitied their misfortune, and comforted them with the best that he had in his house. Now, after a little acquaintance, and it was not long before they had that, this old Evil-Questioning asked the Doubters if they were all of the same town (he knew that they were all of one kingdom). They answered: “No, nor not of one shire neither.”

“For I,” said one of them, “am an Election-Doubter.”

“I,” said another, “am a Vocation-Doubter.”

Then said the third, “I am a Salvation-Doubter.”

A fourth said that he was a Grace-Doubter.

“Well,” said the old gentleman, “whatever shire you are from, I am persuaded that you are down, boys. You have the very length of my foot, are one with my heart, and shall be welcome to me.”

So they thanked him and were glad that they had found themselves a harbor in Mansoul.

Then Evil-Questioning said to them, “How many of your company might there be that came with you to the siege of Mansoul?”

They answered, “There were ten thousand Doubters in all, for the rest of the army consisted of fifteen thousand Bloodmen. These Bloodmen,” they continued, “border upon our country. But, poor men! as we hear, every one of them was taken by Emmanuel's forces.”

“Ten thousand!” exclaimed the old gentleman. “That *is* a large company, I promise you. But how did it happen, since you were so mighty a number, that you fainted and dared not fight your foes?”

“Our general,” they answered, “was the first man who ran for it.”

“Pray tell,” asked their landlord, “who was that cowardly general of yours?”

“He was once the Lord Mayor of Mansoul,” they said. “But please don't call him a cowardly general; for whether there is any from the east to the west who has done more service for our prince, Diabulous, than

has my Lord Incredulity, it would be a hard question for you to answer. But had they caught him, they would have hung him for certain; and we promise you, hanging is but a bad business.”

Then said the old gentleman, “I wished that all ten thousand Doubters were now well armed in Mansoul, and myself at the head of them; I would see what I could do.”

“Aye,” they said, “that would be good if we could see that; but wishes, alas! what are they?” And these words were spoken aloud.

“Well,” said old Evil-Questioning, “take heed that you don’t talk too loud. You must be close and cower and take care of yourselves while you are here, or, I will assure you, you will be caught.”

“Why?” asked the Doubters.

“Why?” exclaimed the old gentleman. “Why, because both the Prince and Lord Secretary, as well as their captains and soldiers are all present in town. Yes, the town is as full of them as ever it can hold. And besides, there is one whose name is Willbewill, a most cruel enemy of ours. The Prince has made him keeper of the gates and has commanded him that, with all the diligence he can, he should look for, search out, and destroy all, and all manner of Diabolonians. And if he lights upon you, down you go, even if your heads were made of gold.”

And now, as it happened, one of the Lord Willbewill’s faithful soldiers, whose name was Mr. Diligence, stood all this while listening under old Evil-Questioning’s eaves and heard all the talk occurring between him and the Doubters whom he entertained under his roof.

The soldier was a man in whom my lord had much confidence, and one whom he loved dearly, for two reasons: first, because he was a man of courage, and also because he was a man who was tireless in seeking after Diabolonians to apprehend them.

Now this man, as I told you, heard all the talk between old Evil-Questioning and these Diabolonians. Therefore, what does he do but goes to his lord and tells him what he had heard.

“And so you say, my trusty?” said my lord.

“Aye,” said Diligence, “that I do; and if your lordship will be pleased to go with me, you shall find it as I have said.”

“And are they there?” asked my lord. “I know Evil-Questioning well, for he and I were great in the time of our apostasy: but I know not now where he dwells.”

“But I do,” said his man; “and if your lordship will go, I will lead you the way to his den.”

“Let’s go!” said my lord. “Come, my Diligence, let us go find them.”

So my lord and his man went together straight to his house. Now his man led the way and they went until they came under old Mr. Evil-Questioning’s wall. Then said Diligence, “Hark! my lord, do you know the old gentleman’s tongue when you hear it?”

“Yes,” said my lord, “I know it well, but I have not seen him many a day. This I know: he is cunning. I hope he does not give us the slip.”

“Let me handle that myself,” said his servant, Diligence.

“But how shall we find the door?” asked my lord.

“Let me take care of that, too,” said his man. So he led my Lord Willbewill about and showed him the way to the door.

Then my lord, without any more ado, broke open the door, rushed into the house, and caught all five of them together, just as Diligence, his man, had told him. So my lord apprehended them, led them away, and committed them to the hand of Mr. Trueman, the jailer; and by my lord’s command, he did put them in ward. This done, my Lord Mayor was acquainted in the morning with what my Lord Willbewill had done over night, and his lordship rejoiced much at the news, not only because there were Doubters apprehended, but because old Evil-Questioning had been taken; for he was a very great trouble to Mansoul, and much affliction to my Lord Mayor himself. He had also been sought for often, but no hand could ever be laid upon him until now.

Well, the next thing was to make preparation to try these five whom my lord had apprehended, who were now in the hands of Mr. Trueman, the jailer. So the day was set, the court was called and convened, and the prisoners were brought to the bar. My Lord Willbewill had authority to have slain them when he first took them, and that, without any more ado; but he thought at this time it served more for the honor of the Prince, the comfort of Mansoul, and the discouragement of the enemy to bring them forth to public judgment.

But, I say, Mr. Trueman brought them in chains to the bar; to the town-hall, for that was the place of judgment. So, to be short, the jury was paneled, the witnesses sworn, and the prisoners tried for their lives. The jury was the same one that tried Mr. No-Truth, Pitiless, Haughty, and the rest of their companions.

And, first, old Questioning himself was set to the bar; for he was the receiver, the entertainer, and the comforter of these Doubters, that by nation, were outlandish men. Then he was commanded to...

BE CONTINUED...